

# stockings

a tribute to Suzanne Vega



Eva G. Hamilton

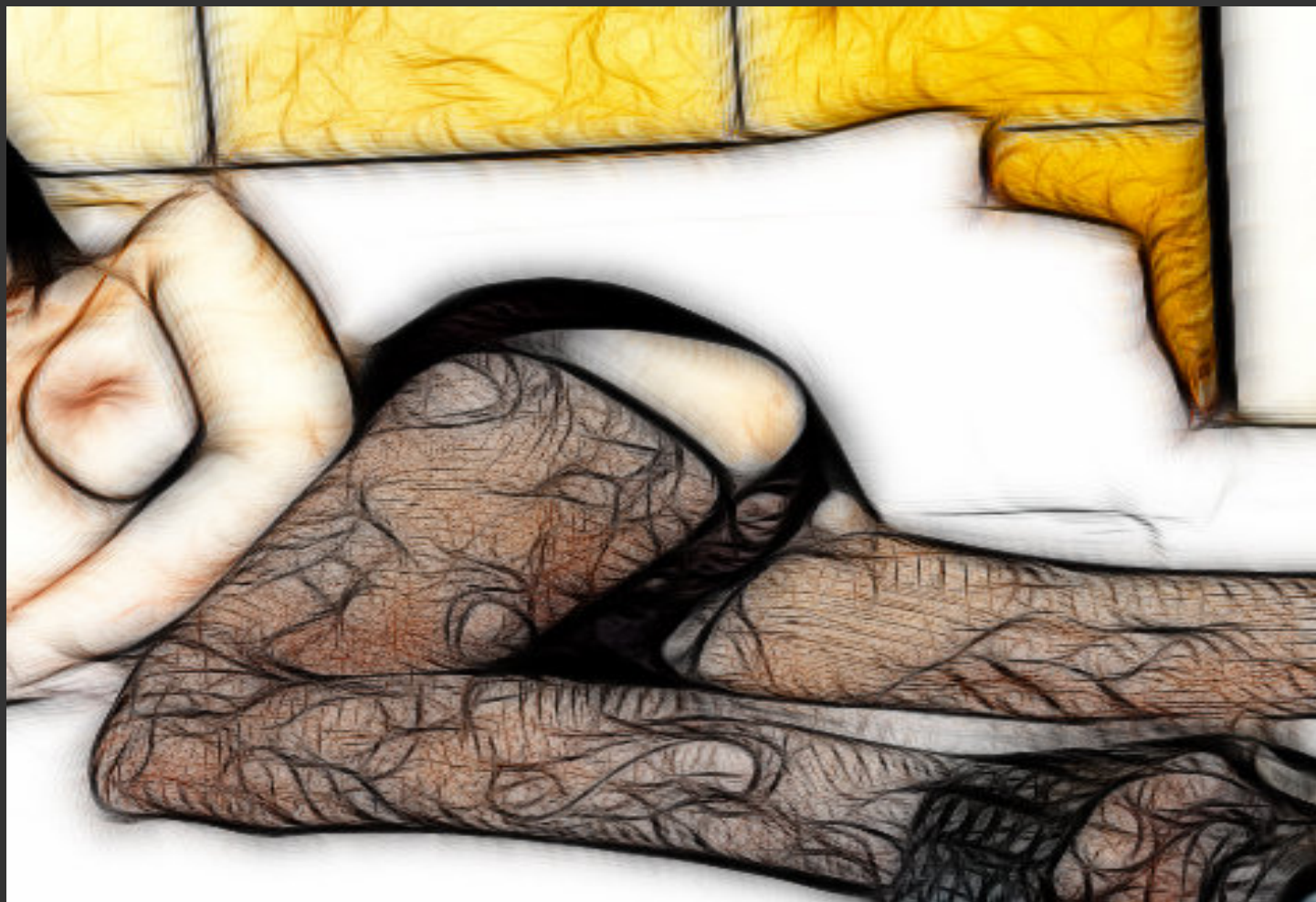


I don't care for tights, she says



and does not tell me why





she hikes her skirt above her knee





revealing one brown thigh



I see, I say, and wonder at



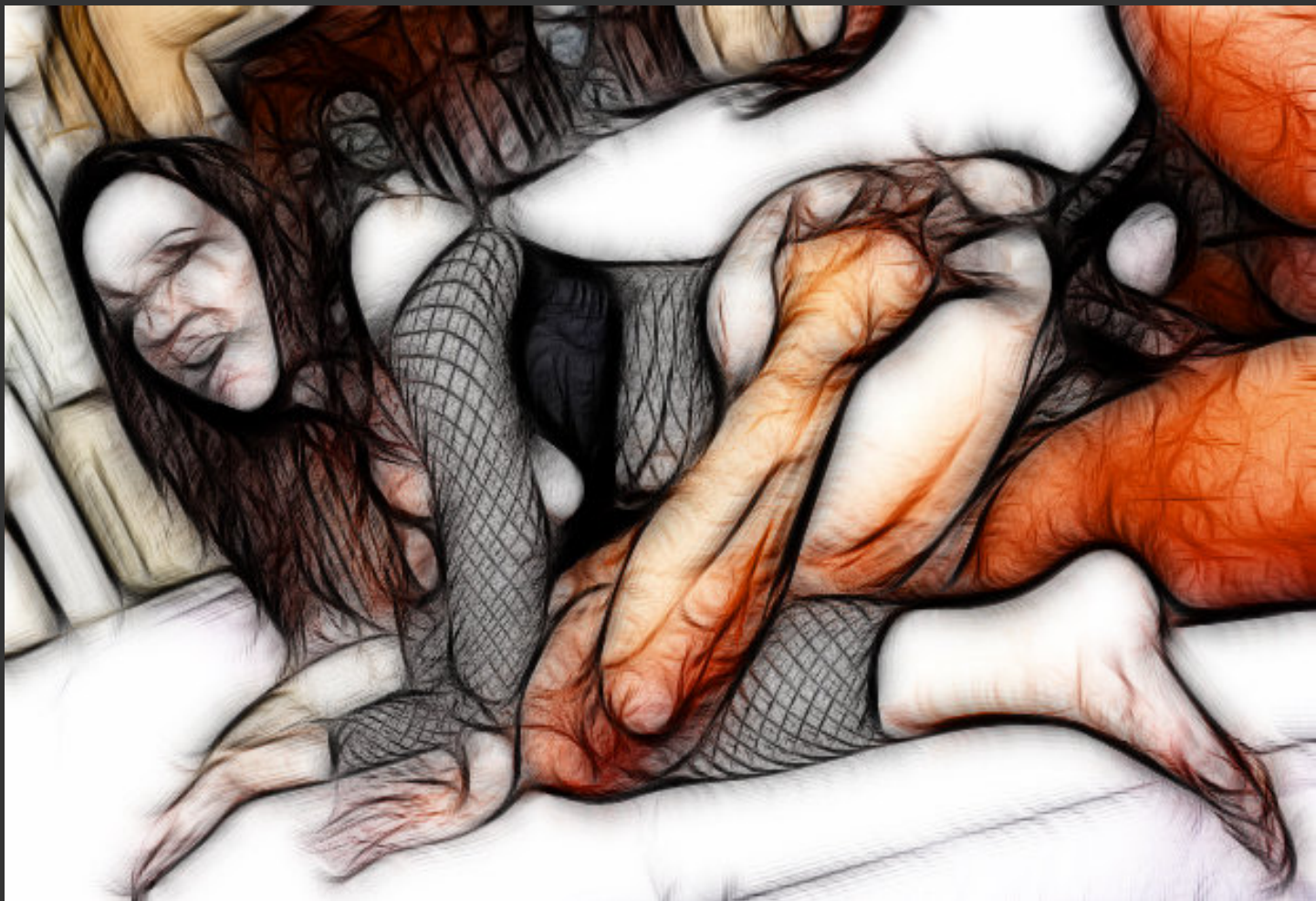


her slender little fingers

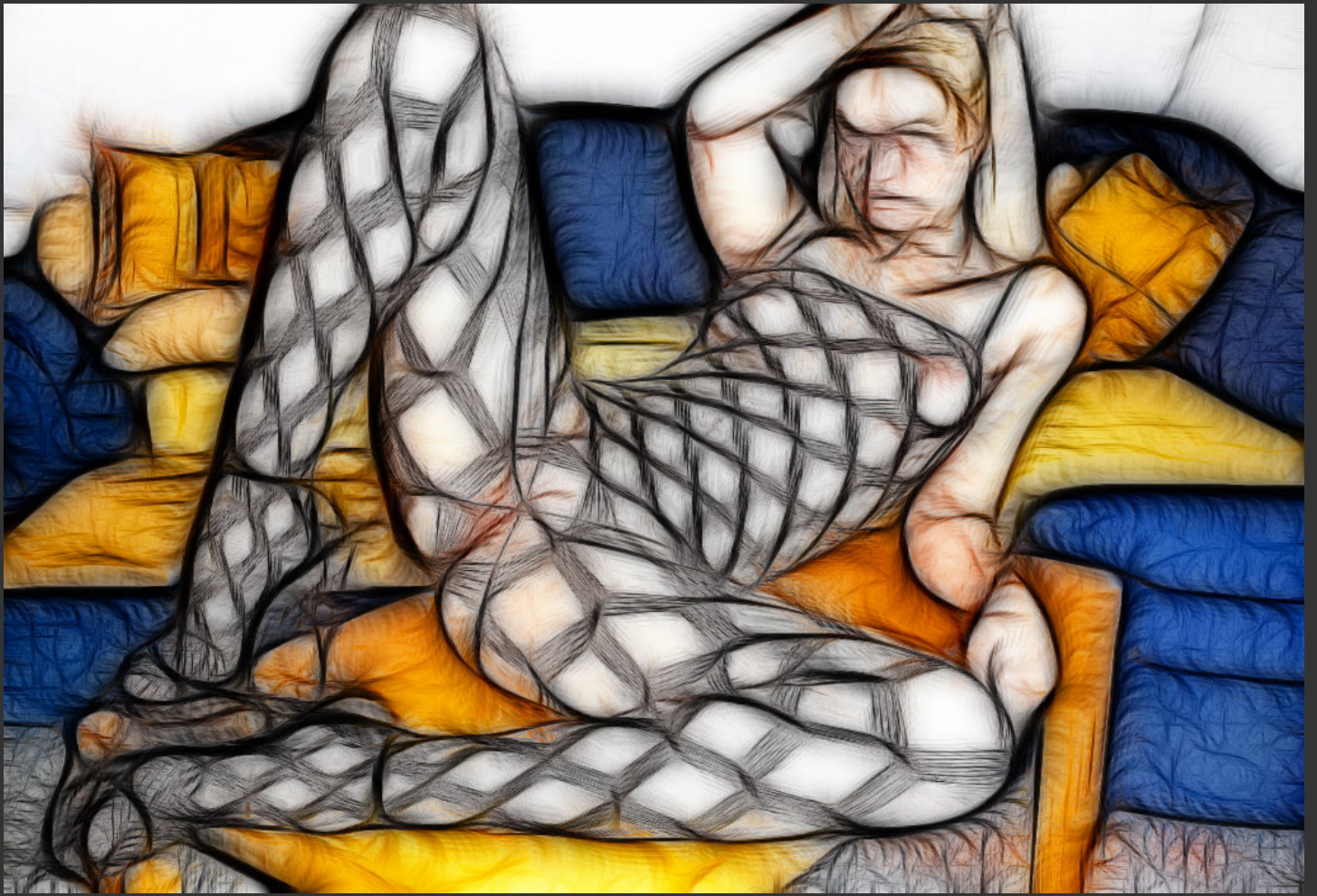
how cleverly they pull upon







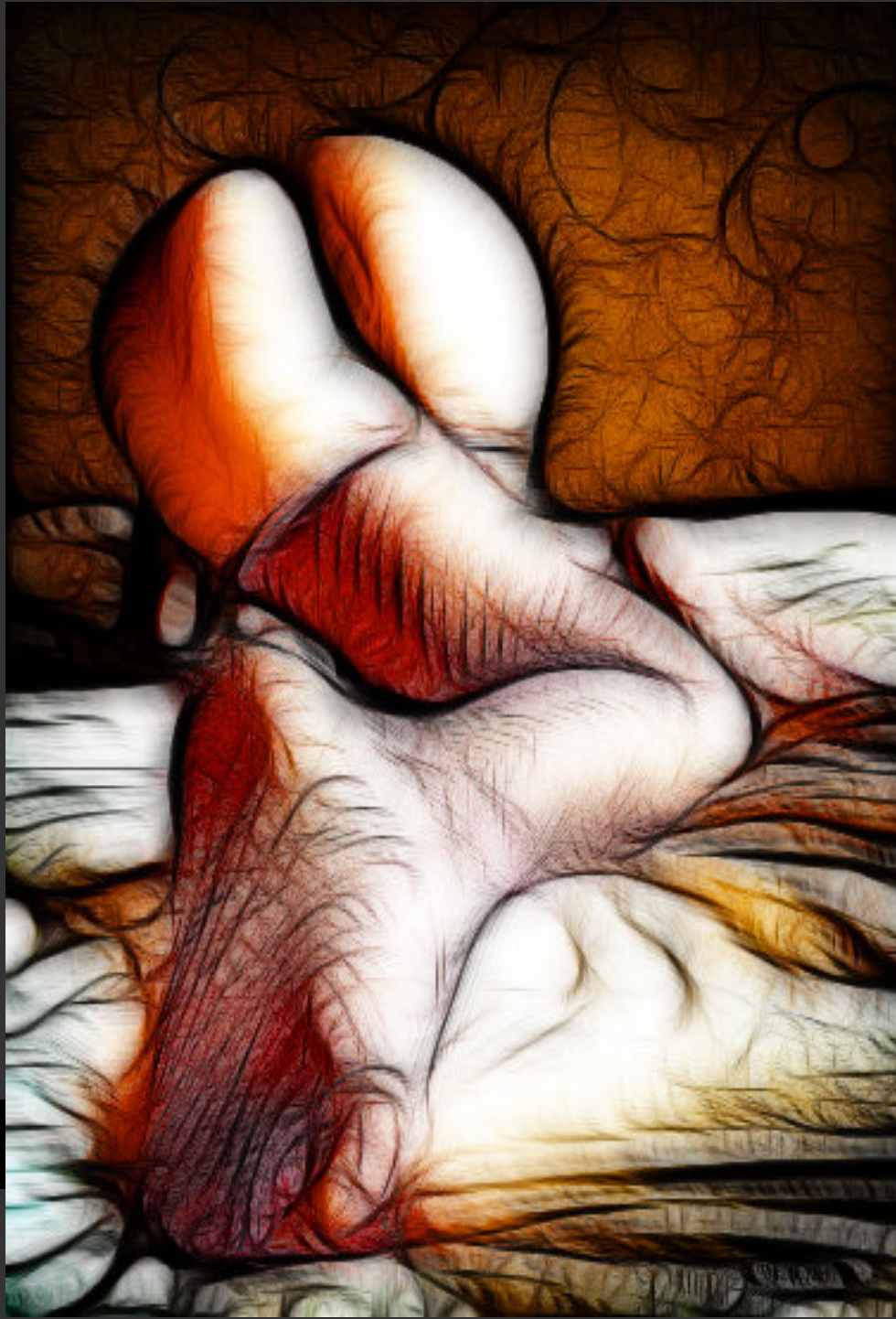
the threads of recent slumbers

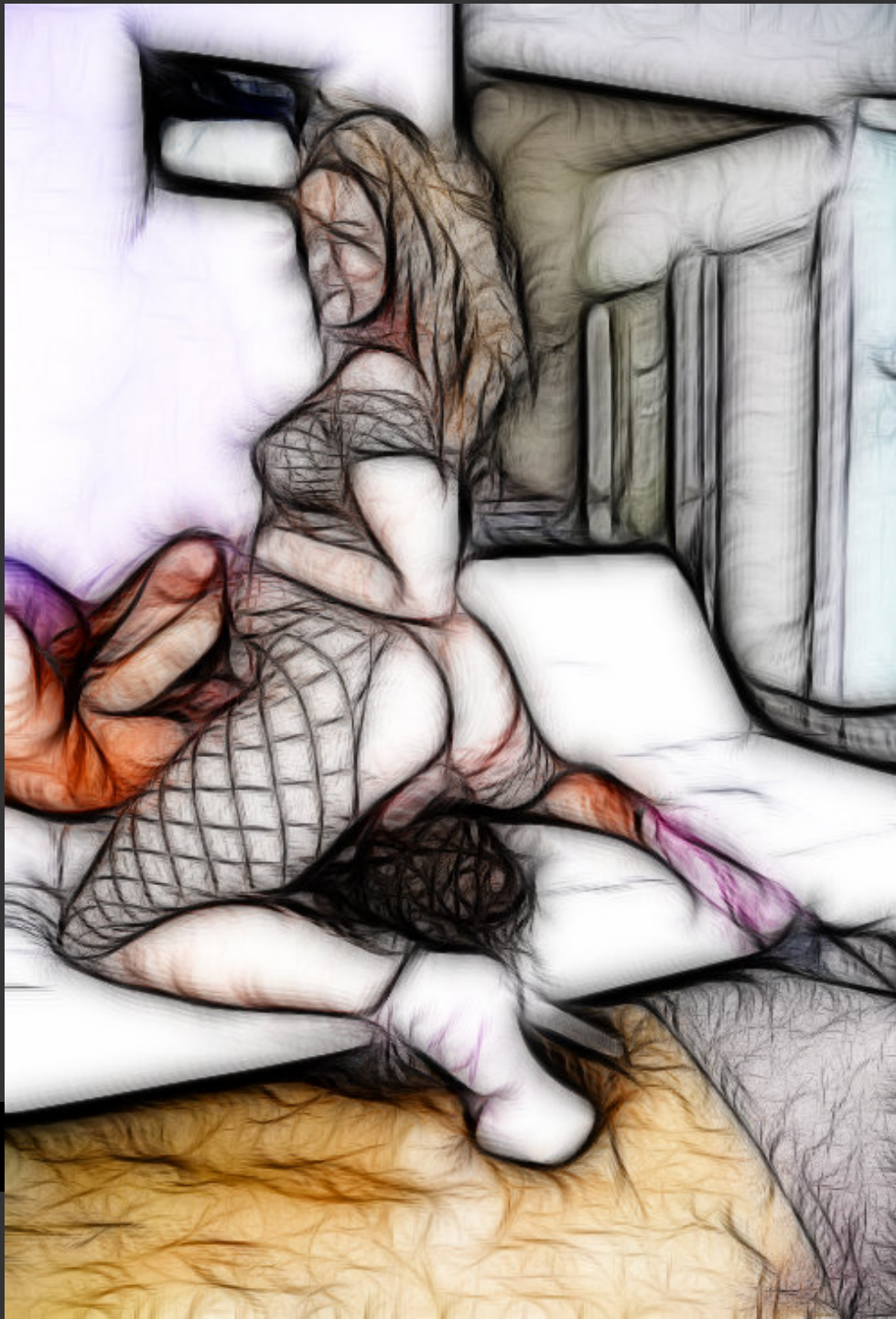


do you know where friendship ends



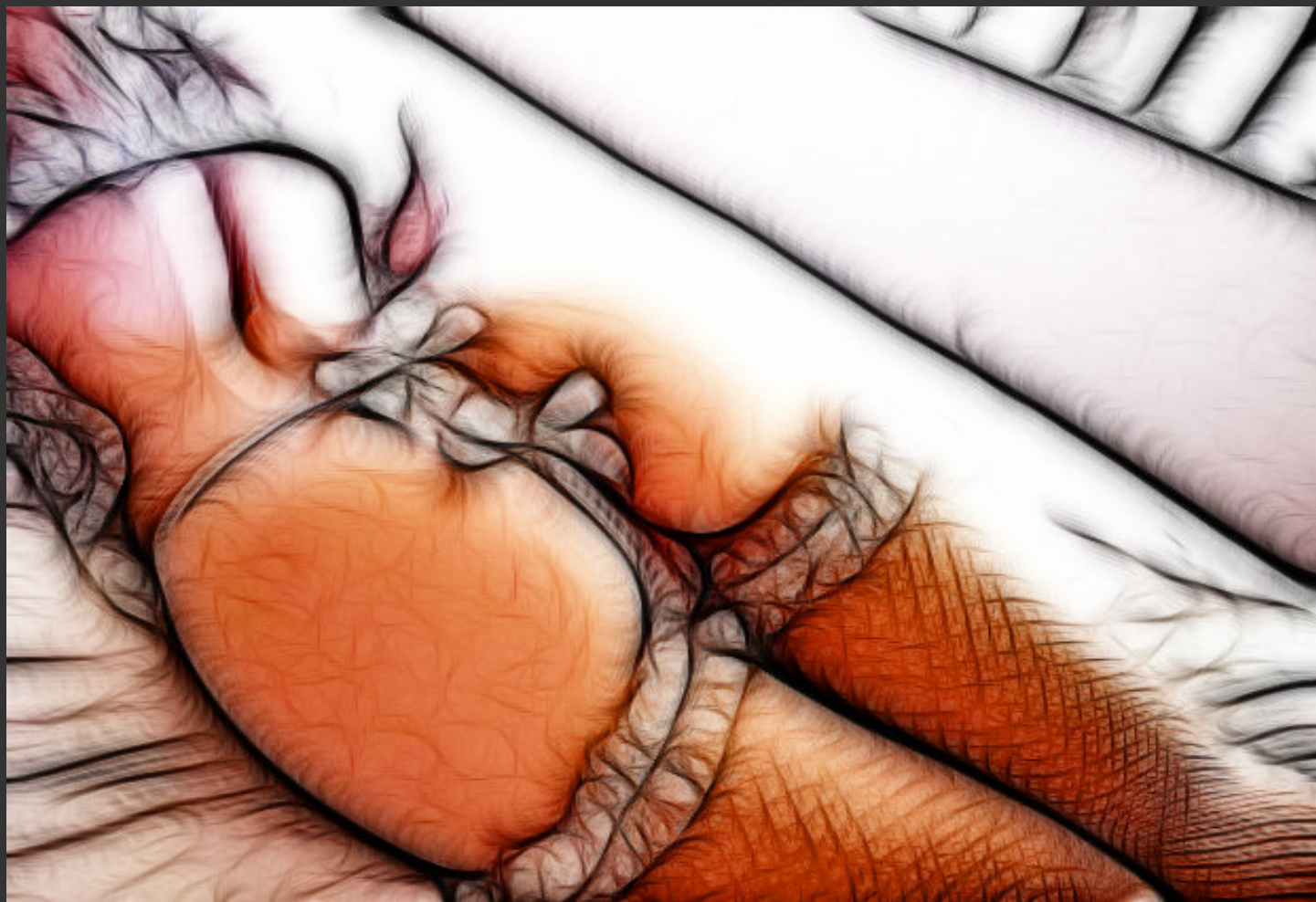
and passion does begin?





it's between the binding of





her stockings and her skin.



oh yeah



she stayed up so late I thought





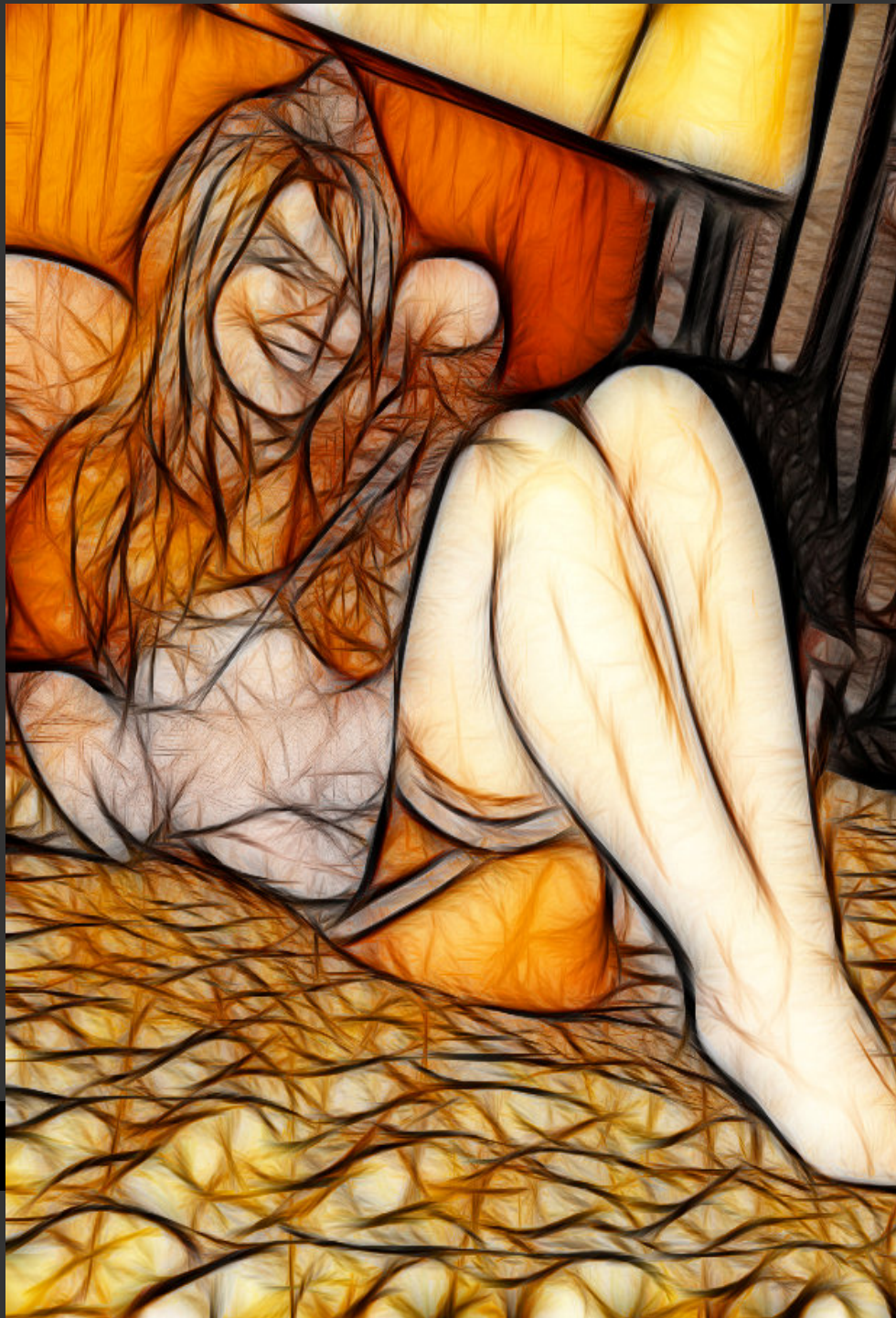
she'd ask me to go dance



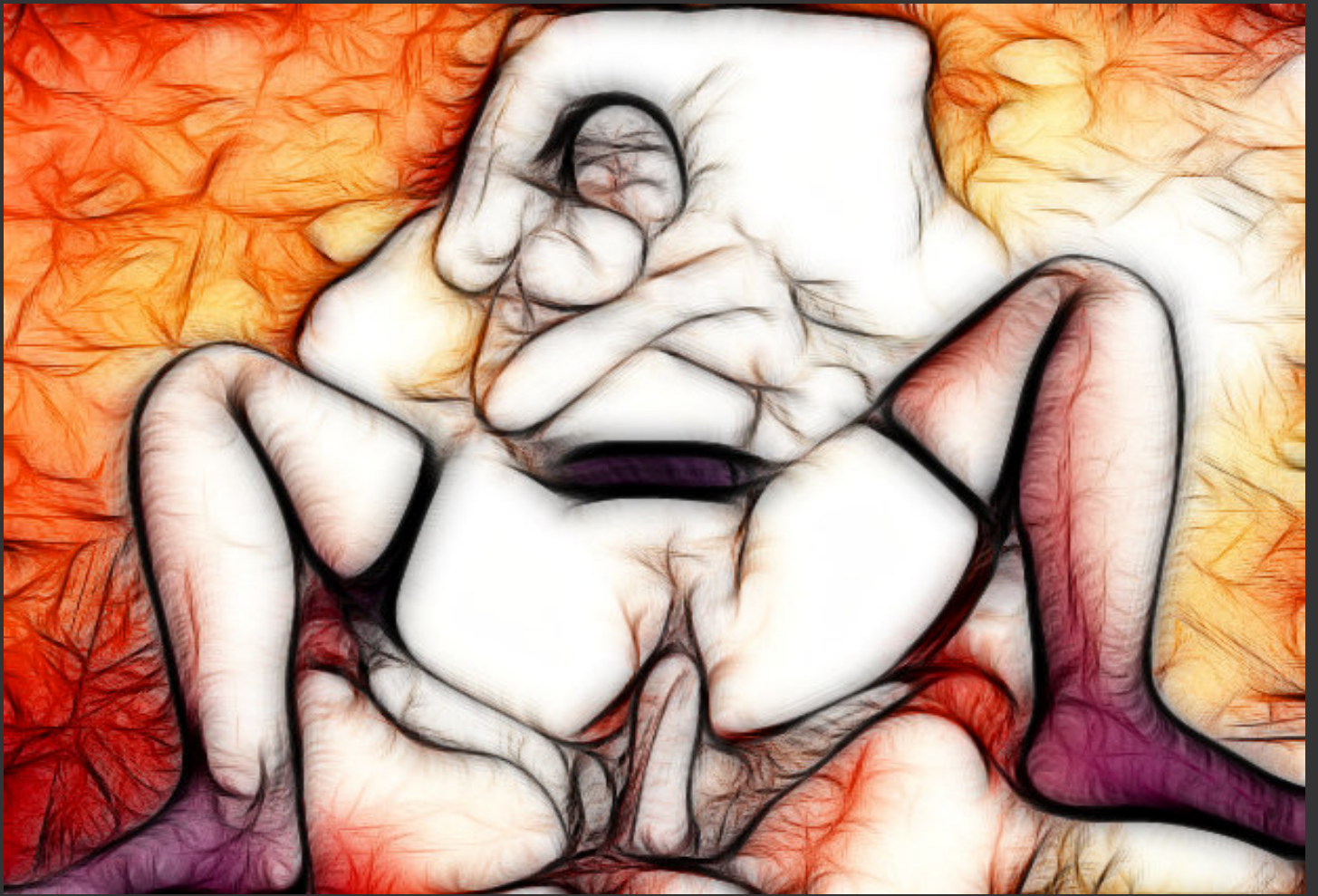


but something in the way she laughed

told me I had no chance







the fiction in her family



was that she was never nice



I'd say she was very





I just did not see the price





do you know where friendship ends

and passion does begin?







when the gin and tonic

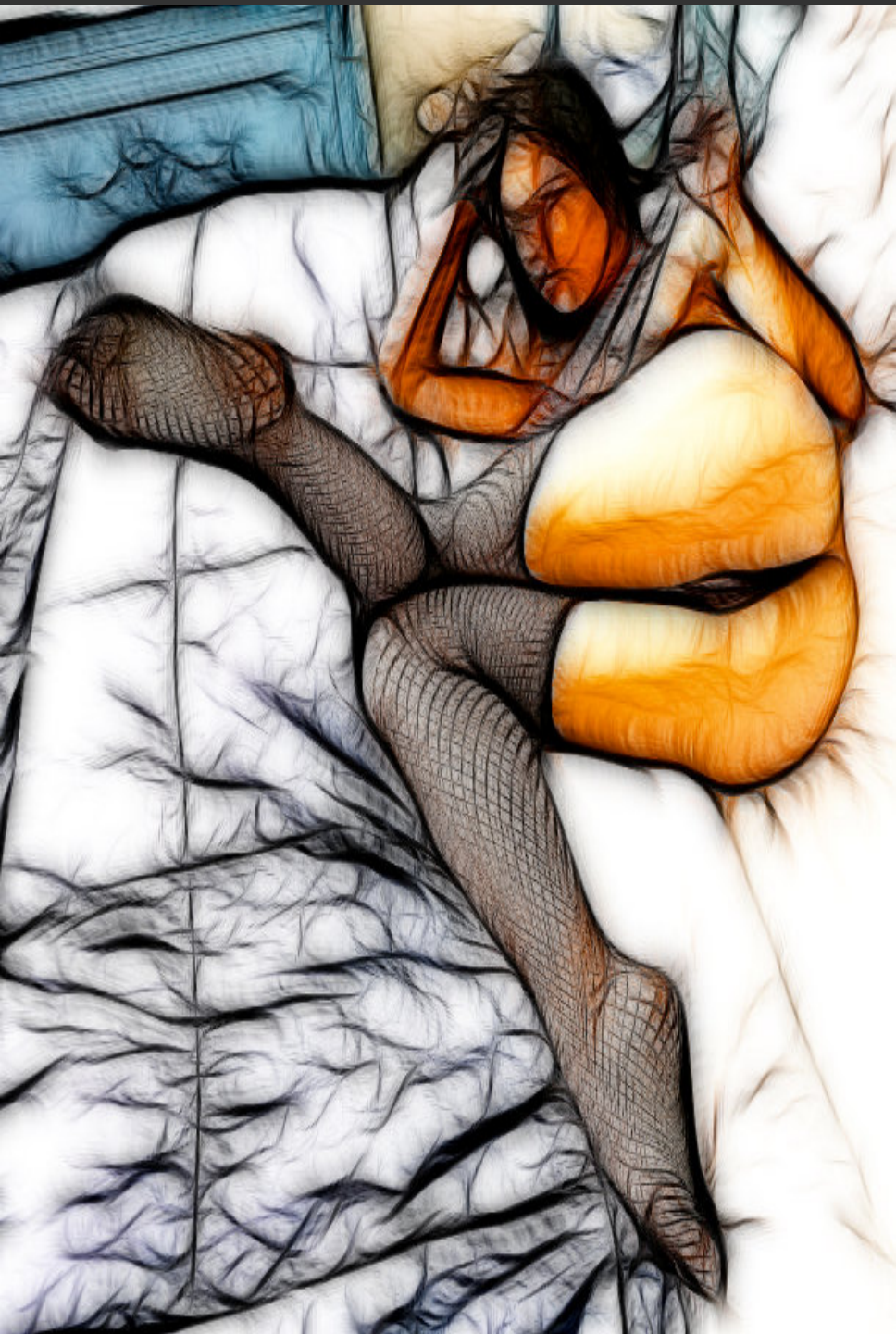


makes the room begin to spin





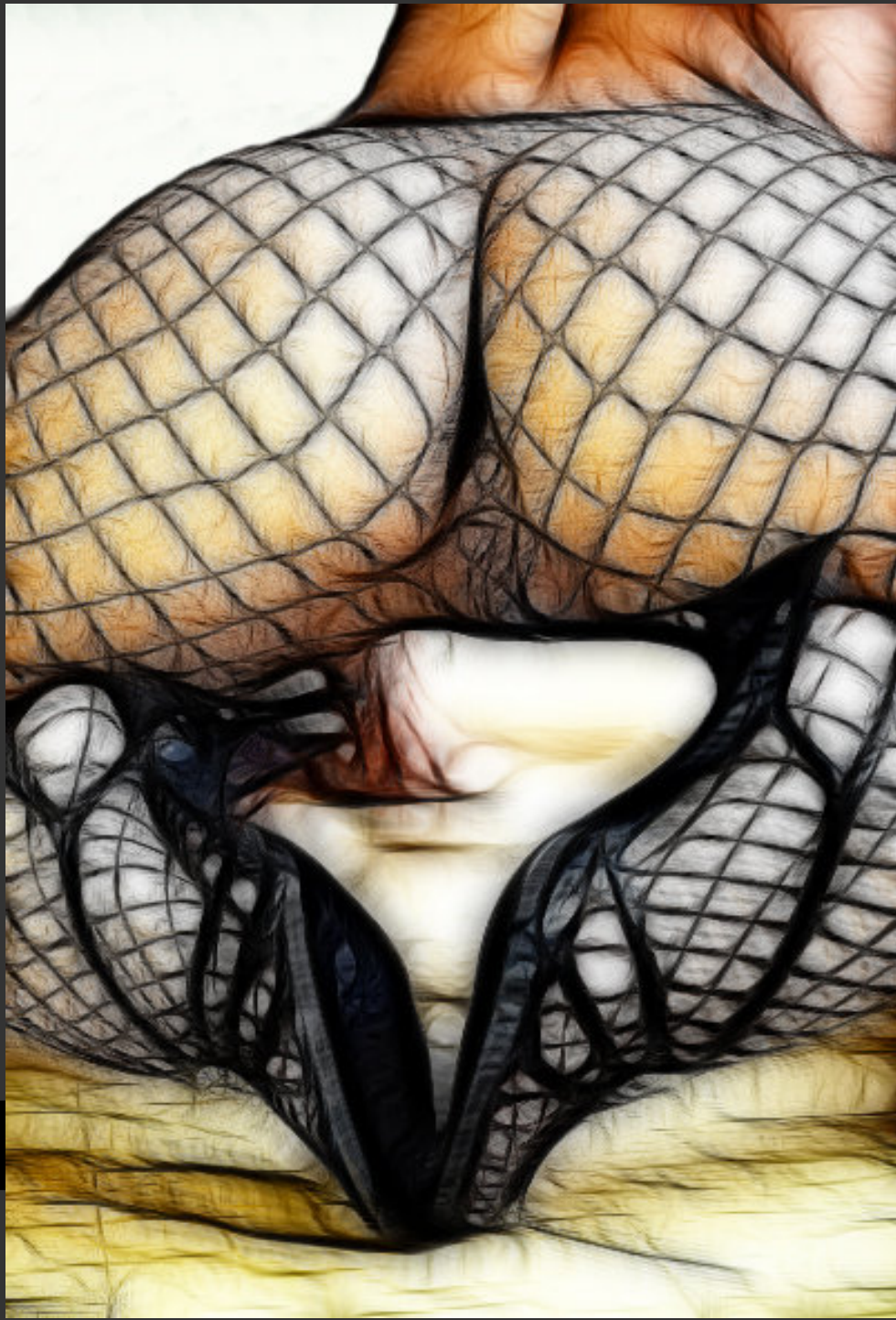
oh yeah



there may be attraction here



but it will never flower

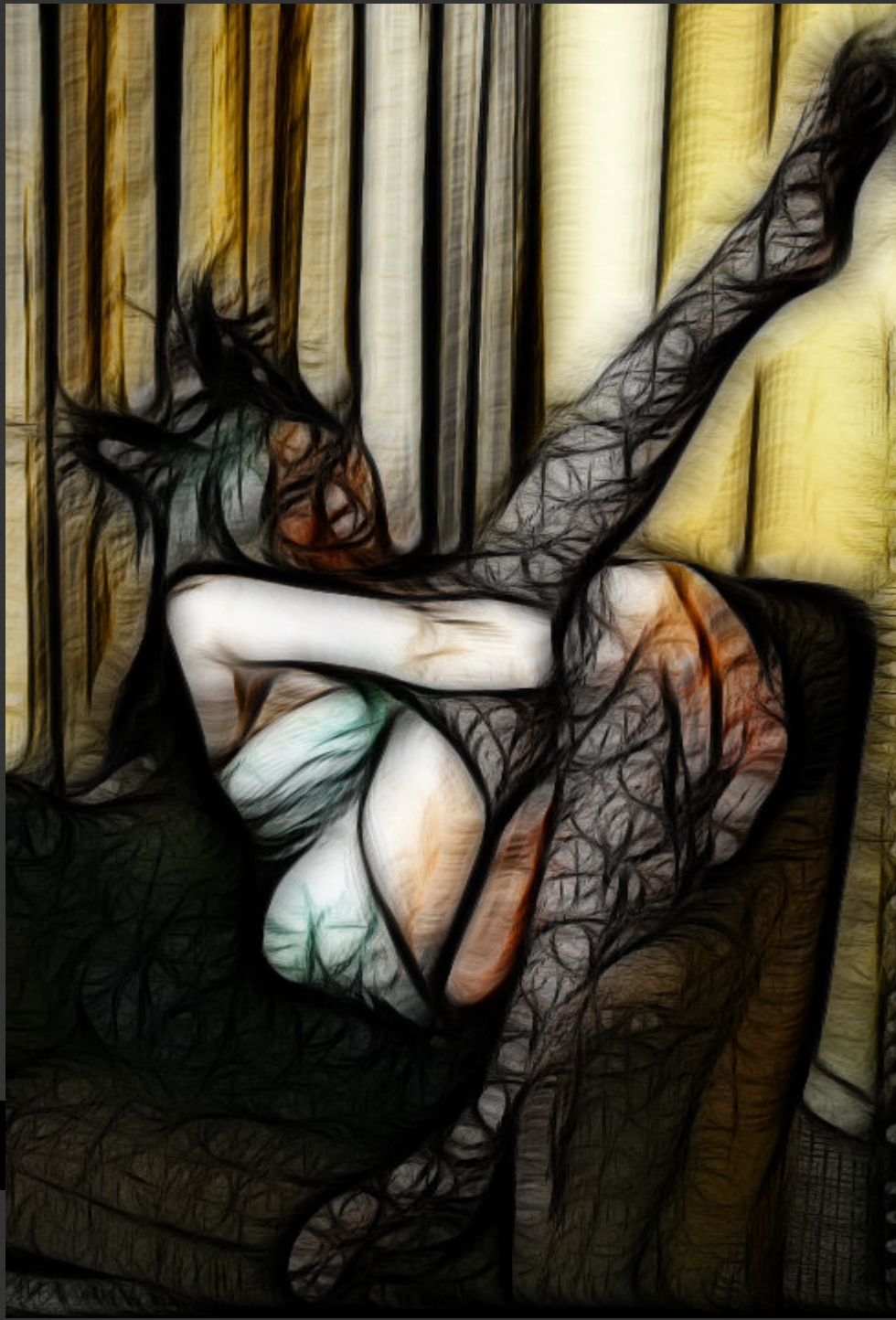




so I'm assigned to read her mind, now



in this witching hour





here's no game for those who claim



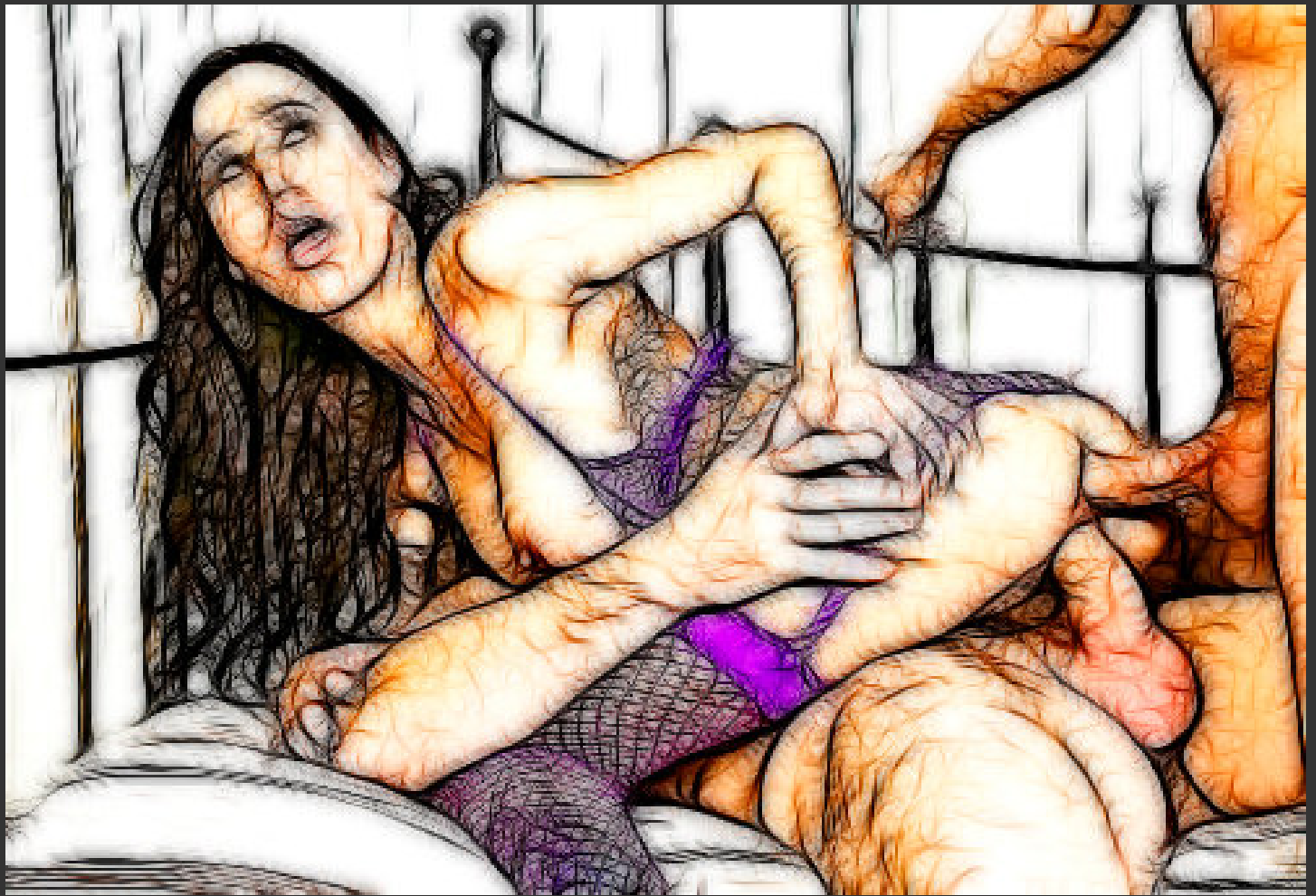
to be easily bruised



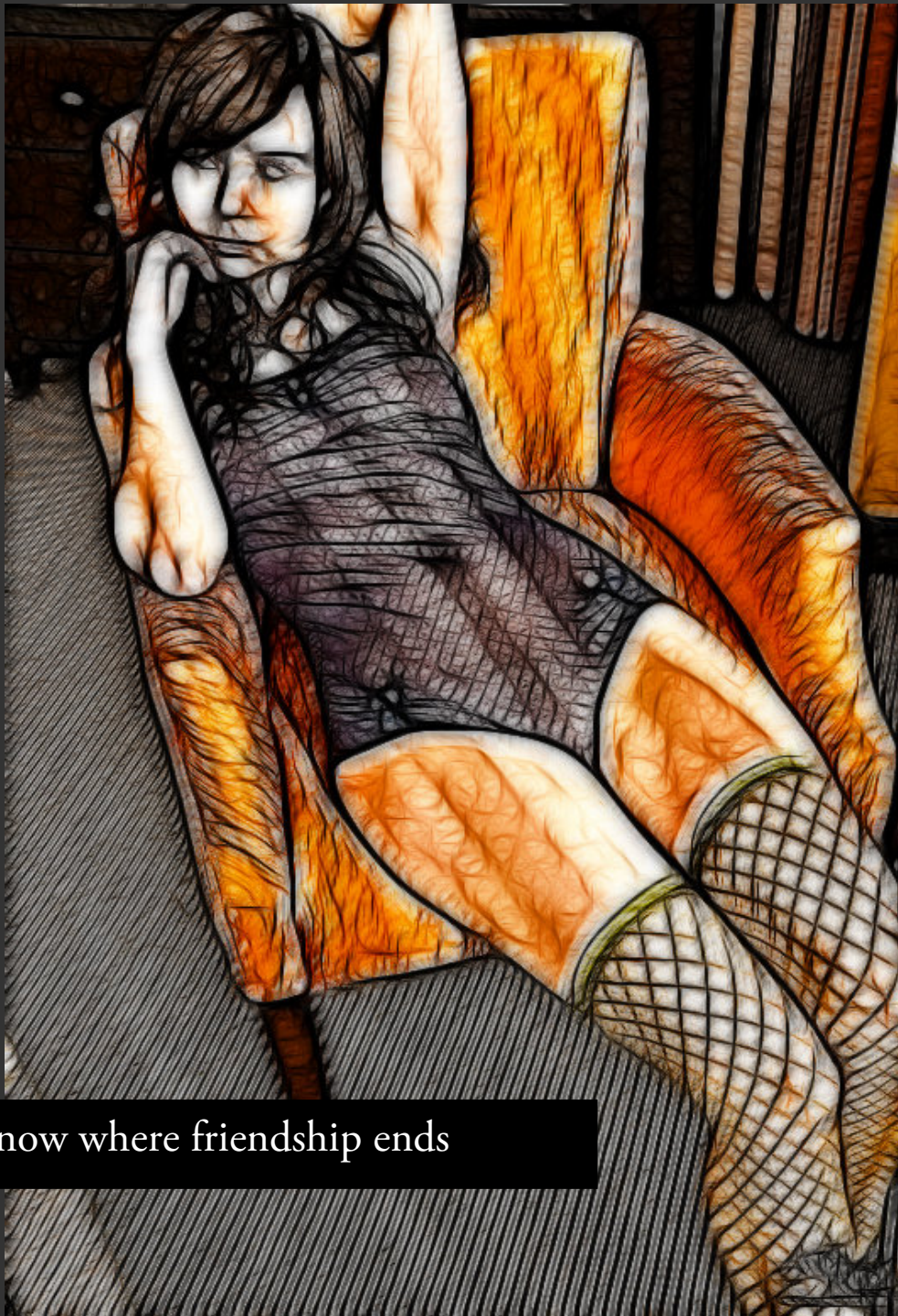


but how can I complain





when she's so easily amused?



do you know where friendship ends



and passion does begin?





when she does not show you





the way out on the way in



it's between the binding





of her stockings and her skin

oh yeah





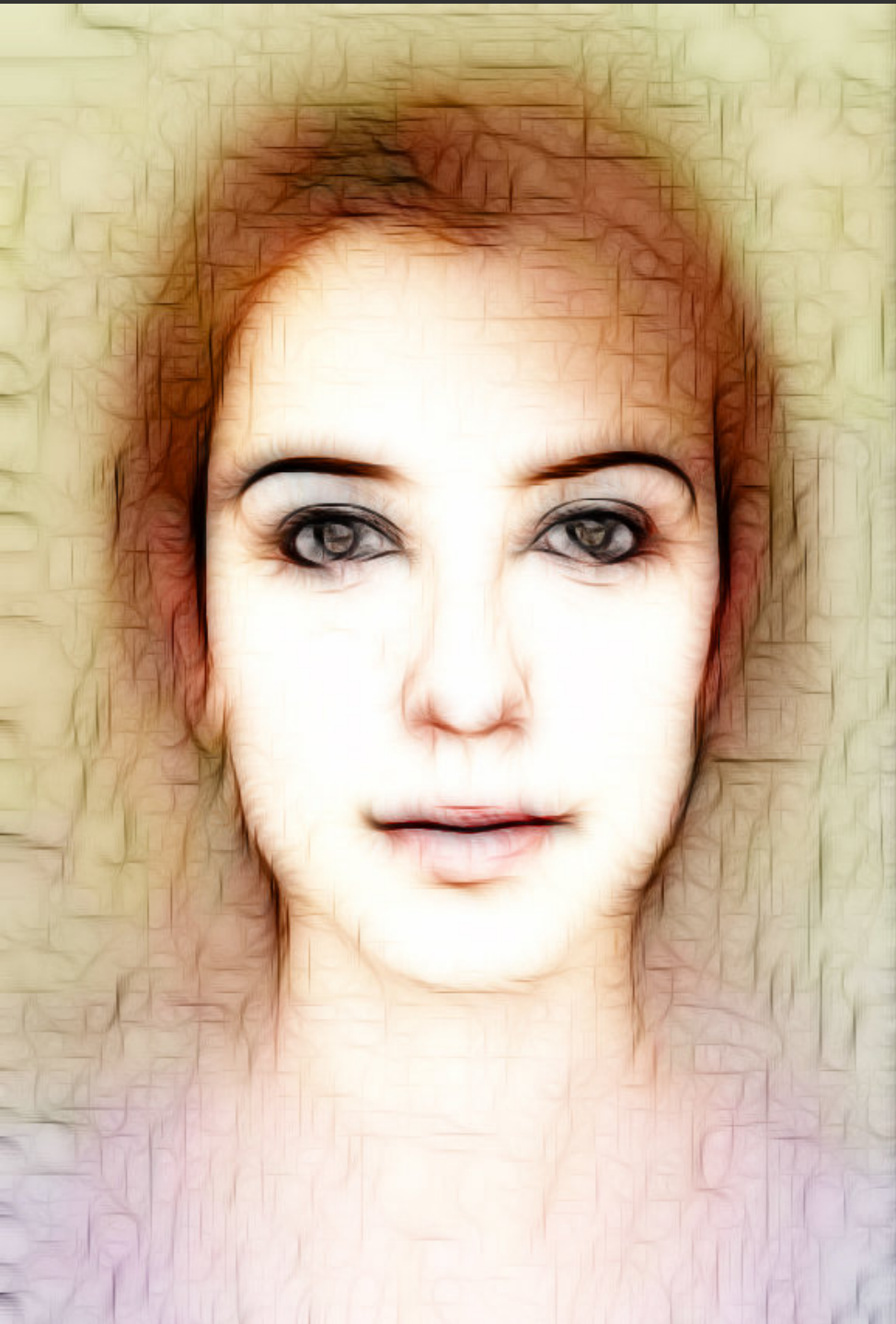


Photo Art  
Eva G.  
Hamilton

Lyrics  
Suzanne Vega